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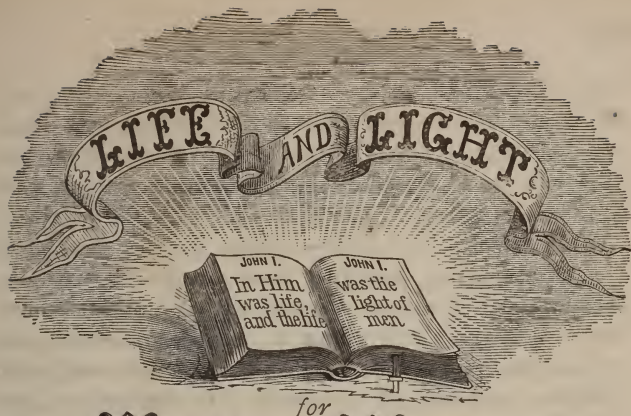
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VOL. II.

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No. 6.

VISIT TO A TURKISH HAREM.

BY MISS JULIA A. SHEARMAN.

Two days ago, I made my first visit to a Mussulman house. Just across our narrow street lives a wealthy Turk, who has built a little melancholy mosque close to his house, from the minaret of which a shrill voice calls out the hour of prayer, regularly, five times each day. This man has but one wife; she being too high-spirited to let him take another, as he would like to do. He is a leading man in the city, a member of the pasha's council, and has a more intelligent look than most Turks; but he is jealous, suspicious, and stern with his wife. Mrs. Schneider and Miss Clark have, nevertheless, succeeded in becoming neighborly; and their visits are enjoyed by the wife, and returned as often as she is able. She appears to have aspirations and desires beyond many of her countrywomen, and often expresses great dissatisfaction with the bondage in which she is kept.

"My husband is kind to me," she says; "he doesn't beat me; and he gives me enough clothes and other things: but that is not what I want, — I want liberty." To this house Miss Clark and I went, having previously sent notice of our coming, according to Eastern style. A little barefooted girl, — the maid who waits on the rich man's wife, — scantily clad, but with bright eyes and smiling face, opened the great gate, and let us into the court-yard, and showed us up stairs into the reception-room. There a pleasant, elderly woman in wide yellow trousers and long sack, who proved to be the gentleman's former nurse, made us welcome, and took off our shawls. We were received, contrary to the usual custom, in the gentleman's apartment, instead of the harem, which is at the back of the house.

Perhaps you would like to know how the room of this rich Turk is furnished. A shabby ingrain carpet very ugly in pattern, a centre-table covered with about as pretty a cloth, and a few dusty china ornaments; a divan, of course, occupied one end of the room; and, for a wonder, there were some comfortable stuffed-chairs and an American stove. At the windows were white calico curtains. The old nurse sat down, quite at her ease, and entertained us till the lady appeared. Imagine a woman of middle height, with tolerably regular features, eyebrows painted black, cheeks painted a delicate pink and white, her hair fastened up in a black handkerchief tied across her forehead because she had a headache. This was the lady. She looked nearly as thick as she was long, owing to the quantity of clothes worn one over another. She also had long colored trousers, and over them a light calico dress, attempted to be made Frank fashion, but very untidy, having been washed, and not ironed. People here never iron any thing. She also wore the universal fur-lined loose sack over all.

After making her salaams to us, she sat down in a chair, in as ungraceful an attitude as can be imagined, and talk began. She was not, however, as great a talker as most Eastern women.

She asked about me, as usual, — if I was married, where I came from, what relatives I had, and the like. On hearing that I was a single woman, she exclaimed, “Oh! how happy she is! She has no one to tell her to go and come, but can do as she pleases!” I said, “Some people in America pity me because I have no husband to love me.” — “Ah, yes!” she replied, “your men are good: out there it is different.” Love before marriage is a thing unknown in Turkey. I had read that it was so; but it is another thing to see for one’s self.

Just at this point of our conversation, while we were sipping our tiny cups of coffee, a woman, who proved to be a former servant, came in to make a call. To show you the entire lack of breeding and social distinctions, as we understand them, I want to describe, as well as I can, the scene after her arrival. The lady was smoking her cigarette, and listening languidly to Miss Clark; but, after the entrance of the woman, she devoted herself entirely to conversation with her and the old nurse, leaving us to care for ourselves. There was a tremendous rattle of tongues on the part of the servants; and the lady laughed occasionally, as if enjoying it. I asked Miss Clark what it was all about. She told me it was, first, exaggerated expressions of devotion from the former servant, then a quantity of small gossip about the people among whom she had been, and things too trifling to be worth translating, yet to these poor women highly amusing. At last the lady said to the old nurse, “Go away, I am sick to death of the sight of you;” which compliment the woman received with the greatest composure, and laughingly got ready to go. Then the younger woman produced from under her ferradjee — the peculiar street-dress of the Turkish women — a piece of colored calico, and, laying it on the carpet, proceeded to take off, first her ferradjee, then her dress, which she laid down on the calico; and I found she had come to get help from her old mistress about cutting a new one. You perceive the dress she wore was her only one, — a very common case.

With the poor, the idea connected with changing one's dress is to get the one that is taken off washed. Thus, in a village last summer, a woman, seeing me in an alpaca dress instead of a calico one, asked me who was doing my washing. You see on what free and easy footing mistress and servant live, and how completely an Eastern woman, shut up in a harem, is devoid of dignity. The servant had her little girl with her, a child of perhaps five years. She was amusing herself by holding one end of the calico in her arms, to help her mother, as she thought. Unluckily, I called the mother's attention to the fact that she was crumpling the cloth in rather undesirable style; for the next moment a blow was dealt which sent the poor little thing reeling to the floor, with a threat to "mash her head." This is a fair specimen of parental discipline. Finding no chance of regaining the lady's attention that day, we lingered a little, then made our salaams, and departed. This is a peep into one of the purest, most respectable harems to be found. The Orientals shut up their women to preserve them; but they become, by that means, corrupt, and corrupters of one another. Ignorance and idleness foster vice. Yet an Eastern city is externally a very reputable place. Women and girls are rarely seen on the streets, and never in company of men. Nor is a face ever seen at a window: for all windows are latticed; and sometimes boards are placed in front of them, in addition to the lattice, lest by any possibility the inmates should be over-looked. To reach these women is indeed a hard problem; yet we labor in hope, that, sooner or later, the door of their prison-house will be opened.

Doubtless there are secret and silent influences working; and, if we may only sow a tiny handful of seed, who can tell what the harvest may be?

"Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky."

INDIA.

LETTER FROM MRS. CHANDLER.

IN a communication from Madura, dated Dec. 4, 1871, Mrs. Chandler writes,—

“ Our boarding-school has never been more prosperous. The girls have been unusually healthy during the year, and we rarely have any serious cases of discipline. Six have united with the church on profession of their faith, and have thus far given us comfort by their daily life and conversation. This school is intended chiefly for the education of the daughters of our Christian families after they leave the day-school, and for those who live where they have no opportunity for instruction.

“ Three of the pupils are from Roman-Catholic families : of these, two are young women about eighteen or twenty years old. One was married, at the age of eleven, to a very bad man ; and he, with his mother, sold her for a few rupees to a Roman priest, who sent her to the nunnery at Trichinopoly, some three years ago. Her name is Francisca. She was sick when at the nunnery, and in the hospital-wards most of the time ; and last year, for want of funds, they sent her here to her relatives. Her own father and sisters, who are living near, refused to see or recognize her in the daytime ; but at night they would put a few pennies and a little boiled rice outside their house for her. She came and begged us to take her in ; and, as she had no home but the street, we did so. Her father, grandmother, and sister, all high-caste people, silk-weavers, have been to see her, and seemed pleased to have her well cared for. Her father wept when he first saw her, and said, ‘ She is my daughter, I love her ; but she has broken caste, and cannot come back to us. True, it is not her fault ; but it is done.’ Then he urged me to send her far away where he would never see her again, — ‘ better than to see her going to your church.’ I replied, ‘ No : this is her

home if you turn her off.' Since then her husband has been to the house, and was so pleased with the improvement in her looks, that he asked her to come to him. I told her we would not hinder her if she wished to go ; but the husband seems now to think differently, and has not come again.

"The name of the other girl is Catharine. She is also from the Trichinopoly nunnery, — a fine, healthy, energetic young woman of twenty years. She was betrothed young ; and, as her husband died while he was a little boy, of course she was called a widow. For some time past she has been under the care of an aunt, who promised her in marriage to one of her cousins, and who recently took her from the convent to fulfil the engagement, as she said. On reaching Madura, however, Catharine learned that she was to marry a man of another caste, who would pay a high dowry in money for her. This she declined to do ; also refused to return to the nunnery ; and, having heard of our school, applied for admission through one of the catechists. There was something pleasing and honest in her manner ; and I permitted her to remain till I should hear more of her story. The next day her aunt came, full of rage, to take her back. I told her, that, if Catharine desired to go, she could do so : we should use no force or compulsion. ' But,' said I, ' if she wishes to remain here, we will protect her.' I called Catharine, and told her to think the matter over carefully, and decide for herself. She said finally, ' I will never go back to this aunt.' At this, the aunt came up on the veranda with her hand raised to strike her. I said, ' No, you must not touch her : if you do, I will call a policeman.' And she left in great anger.

"For three weeks now, she has been diligently studying her alphabet, as the nuns had not taught her to read in all these years. We pass her aunt's door going to and from our church ; and last Sabbath I stopped, and made a salaam. She came out of the house, reciprocating my courtesy, — 'salaam, salaam.' I asked her why she was so angry the day she came to talk with

Catharine. 'I am not angry now,' she replied. 'I am thinking of coming to your church: the priest refuses to let me go to his, since Catharine lives with you.' I assured her of a welcome, and left her. These are the only girls among the silk-weavers, as far as I know, who are learning to read. This caste is wealthy and powerful, and forms a large class of the population. They live near the mission premises on all sides; but as yet we get no permission to visit them in their houses.

"The caste-girls' day school is for heathen girls only. We do not clothe or feed them. We furnish books, except to those who are able to purchase them: we also supply them with needle-work, and give them materials for jackets now and then, as prizes for sewing neatly. Some of these pupils attended a festival held outside of the city about two weeks ago; and one of our teachers told me, that, as he was selling books, a little girl with her mother lingered near, and at last bought a small volume, saying, 'I go to Mrs. Chandler's school: I don't worship idols.' And the mother added, 'Christianity is good: if she wishes, she may go there.'

"We have opened another day school during the past six months, on the west side of the city, about a mile from our house. A few respectable Christian families there, who attend Pastor Rowland's church, are very desirous of such a school, and willing to pay for the required tuition. One lawyer gives eight annas monthly for each of his two daughters; and another man, the head master of the government school, pays for his own child and three others at the same rate. Some of the married women living near also attend two afternoons in the week to learn to read and sew, for which they pay two or four annas monthly. Thus we endeavor to enter every open door, as far as possible, and supply all the females who call for instruction. When there is more desire for education, we shall not be able to take charge of all. At present, the number is very limited."

LETTER FROM MISS ASHLEY.

WE are indebted to our auxiliary in Providence for a letter from Miss Ashley, giving the following pleasant account of her first impressions of missionary life : —

“ We landed at Bombay Dec. 13, having had a fine voyage, but an unusually long one, — fifty-seven days from New York. I must confess to some peculiar sensations during the first few days on the ocean ; but old Neptune treated me, on the whole, with much consideration, and I enjoyed the voyage exceedingly. The Methodist missionaries who took me into their party were a very pleasant company, and showed me every possible kindness through the whole journey.

“ I have as pleasant a home as one could wish with Mr. and Mrs. Bissell, and I am to have charge of the girls’ school at Ahmednuggur. The climate here at this season is delightful. The mornings are cool, almost cold ; the mercury sometimes falling as low as 45°. We are two thousand feet above the level of the sea ; and the variety of the atmosphere has a tendency to make new-comers feel exceedingly dull and stupid, — a great disadvantage in studying. One can hardly help a feeling of impatience at the long time that must be spent in acquiring the language ; but it is no doubt well that we cannot go to work among the people at once, before becoming acquainted with them ; for we see here a phase of human nature quite different from that to which we have been accustomed. I fancy these people are not unlike Marathi verbs, which have a range of moods and tenses that is truly astonishing ; and, a good knowledge of both being essential to successful labor here, the time for preparation cannot be very short. Entering on such a work as this, one cannot but feel her own weakness, and entire dependence upon God as never before. When I think of the wisdom, tact, charity, patience, faith, and the many, many other graces

which are necessary qualifications for such a position, I feel like exclaiming, 'Who is sufficient for these things?'

"Not long since, I had an opportunity of seeing something of the misery and degradation of these people. The season having been unfavorable, there is great scarcity of food among the poorer classes; and many of them are in real distress. Besides the relief works, which provide labor and wages for many, some benevolent individuals have made provision for a daily distribution of grain among them. I went one morning with Mr. and Mrs. Bissell to see this distribution. We found the people seated in rows on the ground; and even these poor wretches, starving, filthy, ragged, and some of them but one step removed from nakedness, — even these must needs keep up the observance of caste, those of the lowest caste being seated at some distance from the others. There were, of course, many pitiable objects among them; and it is sad indeed to think that spiritually they are in a worse condition than physically.

"This is a dark picture; but a brighter one I see every day in our school of more than sixty girls. Many of them are tidy, intelligent, and interesting; while, of course, with some there is great room for improvement in these respects. Most of them are from the lower castes; and it is not surprising that it takes a long time for them to become what they should be. A large number of the girls are Christians; and there are some very reliable ones among them. 'Reliable' means a great deal in this country; for it is a term that can very seldom be applied to any of these people before they become Christians.

"Of course I shall be able to do very little in the school for the present. Three times a week, however, I have a class of ten, who stop half an hour after school for sewing, and also take charge of a class in English. These people have a great desire to learn our language; but it is not considered best to devote much time to it in the school, as it is of very little use to any except those in government employ. We thought, however,

that it would be well to reward some of the more advanced and studious of the girls by giving them some instruction in it; and they are greatly delighted. Will you not pray that I may do some good to these girls even now?"

CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS PAYSON.

WE make the following extract from a letter from Miss Payson, dated Foochow, Nov. 22: —

“On Tuesday afternoons, instead of holding a regular prayer-meeting, as I do on other days, I visit one of the chapels, and wait for women to gather around me. We sing a hymn, — the helper and his wife, the matron and I, — and thus seek to ‘draw an audience.’ Sometimes three or four come in; and having satisfied their curiosity by gaping at me, and asking numberless questions, they will listen quite attentively for a half-hour, while the native helper explains ‘the doctrine.’ Yesterday, when I went, none came to see me: so, after resting a while, I started homeward, hoping that some one would invite me to call on my way. Two women, quite neatly dressed, standing in an open shop, politely invited me to enter; and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. We went *tie-tie*, as they said, — far within, — to avoid being followed by a dozen or more ragged boys; and passing through the shop, a back-room, and a narrow dark passage, entered at last a bedroom and cook-room, about sixteen feet square. It contained a furnace, in which was a blazing fire, and all sorts of things in all sorts of places, — baskets, benches, bags, and boxes, beside the bedstead, on which four of the ladies present seated themselves. The fifth lady devoted her time to me, examining my hat and gloves, admiring and taking hold of the bow that fastened my

collar, and interrupting the matron's exegesis of gospel truth by summoning the audience to come and see the style in which my hair was arranged. Half a dozen chickens were running about the room; and three or four children, who could not get in through the back-door, stood gazing fixedly at me. The matron read and explained a hymn relating to the creation, and God's loving care of his creatures, and began to read another, — 'The Happy Land,' — when a knock was heard at the door (locked to keep the urchins out); and a bustling old lady came in, who said she knew how to read, straightway took the book from the matron's hand, and finished the hymn through, — not without considerable assistance. She read another one, stopping at the end of each line, and giving me an emphatic nod, as if to say, 'I know how, you see.' I assured her she read extremely well, and, when we rose to go, gave her the hymn-book, for which she thanked me cordially. She was a very active and sprightly woman, though over seventy years of age; and I hope she may derive much benefit from her book. The description of this call would apply to most of those I make, only that the women were better dressed than usual, and seemed more lady-like in their manners."

BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.

BY MRS. HARTWELL.

AFTER the "genii powder" excitement, in the latter part of summer, our calls on the women were interrupted. A well near our church had been cleared, and people were evidently suspicious of us; but, as time passed, confidence returned, and we have been cordially welcomed to houses near us. A few incidents in respect to families more distant may be of interest, as showing the state of feeling at present. Going out to church to a female prayer-meeting, not long since, as I reached the door, I saw, a few houses beyond, some women beckoning me

to come to them. As I was early, I went on. They said it was a long time since I had been to see them. I replied that I had been sick of late. The head woman then said, —

“This lady, who has lately moved here, wishes to hear you talk of religion.”

“Come over to the church and hear me,” I said. “I am just going there for a meeting.”

“But,” the other woman answered, “her husband would scold her if she should go.”

So I read from the New Testament, and talked with them. Other women from their different rooms, and two men, came in, and asked various questions.

One said, looking at the Testament I had, —

“That printing, by foreign type, is very fine ; and we Chinese are going to learn to print in that way.”

“Foreigners buy up land here. I wonder if they want all our country,” said another.

“They do not wish your country at all,” I replied. “As to the missionaries, they use money to start some chapels, and pay a few preachers ; but we expect you to take up the work and carry it on, so we can go to new quarters, and use our funds where the gospel has never been preached.”

The head woman then said, “I hear the people wish you to submit to us here, and conform to us.”

“How is that ?” I inquired.

“Do as we do, and be like us,” she answered.

It was the first time I had heard of the people getting knowledge, apparently, of the propositions of the head government in regard to missionaries ; but, not caring to enter into conversation on the subject, I simply laughed, and said, —

“Do you want us to worship idols, as you do, and be of untruthful lips, as you are ? I think we shall not be at all willing.”

“They talk about the missionaries poisoning wells ; but there is no truth in it,” said one man to another in a low voice.

After reading from the fifth chapter of Matthew, and speaking of the purity and strictness of Jesus' commands, I left for the prayer-meeting, where three women, not members of the church, led in prayer, using, however, only the Lord's Prayer.

Riding in my sedan-chair a few streets distant, some days ago, a young girl said, "Yes, that is she, the teacher's wife." And an old lady called out pleasantly, "Won't you come and see us soon?" I was glad to go the next day; and, after reading and talking with the old lady for some time, I gave her a hymn-book. She said, "You are very kind. We will read the book, and learn to be good." Riding farther on at another time, a boy called out, "Foreign woman!" when a woman reproved him, saying, "No: that is the teacher's wife. Don't you know her?"

These incidents show a kindly feeling towards us; and we can but hope for better things when our relations with China shall have been amicably settled. At present, our work seems hindered.

TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MISS PROCTOR.

WE give below a chapter from Miss Proctor's busy life, which cannot fail to interest our readers: —

"Miss Hollister and I have under our care three different schools, — the seminary, preparatory department, and a day school for little Armenian girls in our house, taught by our scholars. These three schools are our daily care. Would you like to go the rounds?"

"Rising-bell these short rainy days is at half-past six; fifteen minutes later is the bell for silent prayer, when the whole house is still for a quarter of an hour; at half-past seven, the

breakfast-bell rings, when we go out and greet the girls in the dining-room. They seat themselves on the rugs around the large copper waiters, which are raised from the floor by stools about a foot and a half high. Miss Hollister and I sit alone at our American table. After the blessing, each one repeats a passage of Scripture, and then the spoons rattle in a lively manner. All their table-furniture is copper tinned over; and they eat from a common dish placed in the centre of the waiter, a large part of their food being different preparations of wheat. The girls do their own cooking and housework, and some chamber-work for us. After breakfast, they report their infractions of rules, and then separate, each to her work, until the school-bell rings, at a quarter of nine. Before this time, our house has become quite lively by the arrival of day-scholars both for the upper and lower rooms. Our schoolroom will strike you as more American than our dining-room; as we have desks and chairs, a stove, and a melodeon, besides all the usual maps and charts.

“After worship here, I go down to the preparatory department, which we usually call the Middle School. It is five minutes’ walk from us. Another girls’ school in the same yard is taught by one of our old graduates. The house was the first place of worship used by the Protestants for many years, now divided into three rooms. The scholars rise to greet us as we enter. They, too, have desks and benches like the district schools in New England. The room is long and narrow, and very poor. It has two glass windows, and three cloth ones; and, if it is rainy, very likely two or three will ask permission to change their seats, because the rain is leaking through the roof on their heads. The back-seat has a row of grown-up young women, our boarders: most of the others are from ten to twelve years of age, bright girls; and their teacher, a graduate of 1868, is very pretty and intelligent, and an earnest Christian. The first class in the Bible, which I teach, includes about half the school; and they are now in Joshua. They can

give the simple Bible history up to that point, can show the principal countries named on the map, and point out the course of the children of Israel from Egypt, until they settled in the land of Canaan. After the close of this class, I often stop to see how our large girls are getting on in arithmetic, or drop into the other school for a little while. Coming back, I usually go into the lower room, where our girls, in turn, are teaching the little ones. Step softly, and we will see whether they are in good order or not. No! there are three voices all saying 'Teacher' at once; and the poor young thing cannot make them be quiet and obey her. I take out my paper and pencil, look at them very sharply, and put down some names. They are more afraid of a piece of paper than a stick. That will keep them quiet for several days. Rough boys in the street, who hoot after us, will suddenly disappear at the sight of a pencil and paper: they have a superstitious fear of any thing written. I charge my mind with the thought that I must call that young teacher, and show her how to have more authority. Then, perhaps, I have a few moments to look over my lessons. Frequently there are callers waiting for me; or, if it is review-day, I go into the physiology class, and review the week's lessons with them. After this, I have a Bible class with all but the seniors until noon. In the afternoon, the assistant teachers take the first hour; then I go to the teachers' class, which embraces the seniors and our assistants. We are reviewing the common branches with them in order to fit them to teach better. The last hour we have, on Monday, map-drawing; Tuesday, pencilling; Thursday, rhetorical exercises; and Friday, singing by note. Wednesday afternoon, the girls in the middle school meet with us for a prayer-meeting and sewing-lesson. Evenings are all needed for study and preparations for new lessons, as we have very few text-books. Much time also goes to the care of the domestic department, and looking after the ailing or naughty, or after the cutting and making of garments. We

have now assistants who relieve us a good deal: they cannot plan much; but it is something to have them able to execute.

"Sabbath is our best day: I cannot omit that. Besides attending church and Sabbath school, I usually read to the girls, or have some general exercises with them. They also have meetings in their own rooms. But the most precious season is the evening, when I talk with two or three different girls alone on the subject of religion. I often feel that more strength goes to this hour than to any ordinary half-day. This is the true work for which I came; and here I feel the need of help from on high, more than in any thing else I undertake. Usually, our new girls think they are Christians. They like to come in and talk with me; and they can converse very glibly. One who felt prepared to teach in Sabbath school, or do almost any thing, last year, has been, this term, thinking of and weeping over her sins. Pray that the Spirit may dwell with us, and enlighten both teachers and pupils."

COMMUNION SEASON.

IN a recent journal-letter from Miss Bush of Harpoot, after speaking of a particularly delightful Sabbath, she says, —

"In the evening came the feast of the day, — a precious communion season in our dear English, in Mr. Wheeler's parlor. We were seventeen in number who sat down with the precious memorials of Christ's death before us; and we came after much prayer, and with the sure expectation of the Spirit's presence. First, the youngest was presented for baptism by her parents, — Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barnum. Mr. Wheeler administered this rite, and immediately after received Willie, his son, and Eddie Allen, his nephew, into the church of God. Mr. Wheeler's address to them was impressively solemn; and, as the two dear boys of thirteen and fourteen stood side by side, theirs were not the only eyes moistened by tears of gratitude and yearning love. I know that we all felt, as we rose to receive them, that, God

helping us, we would faithfully keep the vow to watch over and guard them. It is such a blessed thing for them to grow up loving God, scarcely knowing the time when they were not Christians! It must have added great strength to the faith of Mr. and Mrs. Barnum to see God's covenant-keeping faithfulness in these two cases. Mr. Barnum administered the cup, first speaking from the text, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' His touching words and earnest prayers struck harmonious chords within us; and as we took the bread from his hand, and the wine from Mr. Allen, we felt that we were indeed 'sitting in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.' "

LETTER FROM MISS ELY.

MISS MARY A. C. ELY, writing from the "mountain retreat," where the missionaries spend the summer months, to the Seek and Save Society, Winchester, says, —

"The work necessitates our going down to Bitlis very often to take care of the school, and to hold meetings with the women. We have nineteen scholars this term. Five are the wives of helpers; seven are girls who board in the building; and seven are day pupils. There is little resemblance here to boarding-schools in America, as the customs of the people are so different. We think it best to allow the pupils to live as nearly in the same way they do at home as we can, and to retain such of their habits as are harmless. In a word, our aim is to teach them Christianity, and not educate them to ways so unlike the vast mass of their nation as shall make them proud, and even unhappy, when they go forth from this school to mingle with the world.

"Many of the common customs of this people are the same as those referred to in the Bible. The Armenian nation, once enlightened, and possessing the sacred Word in their old language (now grown as unintelligible to the mass of the people as Latin is in Italy), has fallen to a low state amid oppression and igno-

rance. One of the most generally-received superstitions is the belief in the 'evil eye,' as it is called; that is, if any person has any thing remarkably good, he is afraid to have it looked upon, for fear some evil will happen to it. It is often the case, that, when a Protestant enters a house the people of which are not Protestants, the mother will snatch up her prettiest child, and run off with it, lest the Protestant look at it, and the child die in consequence. Some time since, I heard of a family where two of the women had been reading in the New Testament. One of them suddenly began to lose her eyesight; and the other was afflicted with a lame wrist. Their neighbors from far and near declared that both these calamities befell the women because of their daring to read. Many of these poor people actually believe in this calamity of the 'evil eye,' or a look from an enemy. They have an antidote, — perhaps as efficacious as the supposed evil: it consists in wearing a coarse blue porcelain button. You may see one sewed on almost every child's fez, or cap; and oftentimes it is attached by a string to the necks of domestic animals, as sheep and cows. Every time we go to the city from our mountain retreat, we pass a house having a large saucer-like piece of blue porcelain fastened up over a window, doubtless to protect the house from evil.

"Our girls are grateful, warm-hearted, and most affectionate towards their friends. It is very touching to hear them pray for their benefactors, and for us their teachers, whom they refer to as 'having come from the ends of the earth for their souls' good.' Could you only span the thousands of miles that intervene between you and the objects of your kindness, you would be much moved by their gratitude. It is common for them, on the receipt of a favor, to say, 'I kiss your feet.' 'May you remain alive, and your father, and your mother, and your sister!' and many like expressions. I know their warm Oriental hearts would break forth into eloquent words of blessing, could they enjoy the opportunity to thank you for your kindness to them."

AFRICA.

LETTER FROM MISS HANCE.

MISS HANCE, now stationed at Umvoti, South Africa, speaking of the degradation of the women there, thus writes : —

“After I had been in Natal a few months, and had seen what the home-influences were, I felt that I could do much more for the elevation of the women, if I could take the girls while young, and have them with me for a period of years. I thought I should like this to be my work in Africa, in connection with the oversight of Bible-women and out-station schools. The missionaries wished me to select the station in which I would prefer my home to be ; and I finally did so, choosing Umvoti, as it seemed, in some respects, the most favorable place. When the natives at this station found I was coming, they raised one hundred and thirty dollars for the schools. I receive from government fifty pounds, and from individual sources in America, clothes, and money to pay the teachers of two out-station schools ; but this will not cover all the expenses. I trust others will become interested in my work : I need their aid and their prayers. There are two girls in Mrs. Edwards’ school who wish me to engage them, after this term, as teachers or Bible-women. I have places for them to labor, but do not see clearly how I can meet the expense. Near here are many women who never come to church, but who listen, and seem pleased, if we go to their kraals. I feel that Bible-women can be of great use in this way.

“On Sabbath afternoon, as we were coming in from the last service, Mr. Rood said to me, ‘I have just heard of a heathen woman who is very ill, — perhaps dying : will you go with me to see her?’ A walk of half a mile brought us to the hut. Ten or twelve persons sat about on the floor of the one small room. The dying woman lay on a mat spread upon the floor.

and another was placed for me at her head. The hut belonged to an old doctress, to whom she had been brought many miles for treatment, and who sat sulkily at one side for a few moments, and then went out, angry that we had come. Mr. Rood spoke to the sick woman of her illness, to which she made little reply, and did not open her eyes. Then he began to talk of the change that must come to her, and of the life beyond. Her eyes were wide open then, and she began to talk, feebly at first; but, as I fanned her, she seemed to grow strong, and said, 'I came to this place a poor, sick, ignorant woman. I did not know there was a God, a heaven, or a Jesus who died for me. I saw that the sorcery of this land could not cure me, that I must die. I feared death: it looked dark beyond. When this man and woman came to me,' pointing to a native Christian and his wife who were in the room, 'they told me there was a heaven, a God; that I was a sinner, but Jesus died for such as I; that he had gone to the spirit world, and would intercede for me if I would trustingly pray to him. They read in a book. Its words gave strength to my heart, though I saw by them what a sinner I was. I tried to pray, and give my heart to God. He came; he helped me to trust him. I do not now fear death. I do not care to live: I long to go and be with Jesus in that beautiful world.' She ceased speaking, and Mr. Rood knelt in prayer. That hour I cannot soon forget. I never seemed nearer to God than I did in that African hut, with the dying woman, the native Christians, the heathen people, and the prayer that was inviting God to come into this house, where for many years it had stood to him a stranger. Then, too, I felt as I could not, had this woman been taught by one of our missionaries. I was encouraged with the thought that the little I can do may not die with my labors."

"In harvest-time He'll bind thy sheaves for thee:
Thy field may ripen late:
Fear not, but trust and wait!"

A MORNING CALL.

BY MRS. BRIDGMAN.

It is Monday morning: here are half a dozen women at my door. Can you imagine them with their long hair filled with red clay; their dresses of skins that have never had an introduction, even, to soap and water, or any cleansing process whatever; their huge picks or hoes upon their shoulders, and baskets bound upon their backs? They are on the way to their day's work of digging, and call with a mat to sell. How much I long for the elevating and purifying gospel to find a place in their hearts, transforming them inwardly and outwardly! I cannot let them pass without a word, so begin, —

“Did you come to meeting yesterday?”

“Yes,” they all say.

“What did the missionary tell you?”

“How do we know?” they reply, with a loud laugh all round.

“Didn't he say any thing about a Friend who died to save you?”

“What do you say?” says one, looking around upon the others, who again join in the coarse loud laugh.

“Yes: he told you of a Friend who loved you so much, that he died to save you from everlasting death. We are all sinners, and need just such a friend to save us from sin and from death; and if you love him, and try to do his will, he will make you happy forever.”

At once an urgent hurry seizes them to be on their way, and thus they pass along. Having ears, they hear not the things pertaining to their salvation; though, in whatever concerns the wants of the body, they are eager listeners, and readily understand. So I turn from them to other duties, breathing a silent prayer that the word of God may not return unto him void, but may accomplish that whereunto it is sent.

We have some cheering things, — some bright girls and boys who love to learn, and who, we hope, are beginning to look unto Jesus. Pray, dear friends, for them and for us, and for all this dark land. Let us pray, too, that Christians may be made willing to use the wealth of this world in the work of saving souls from everlasting death.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

WE wish to acknowledge most gratefully a large number of letters from our missionaries in different stations during the last three months. In them Mrs. Fairbank of the Madura Mission gives interesting details of the work of the Bible-women under her charge; Miss Townsend takes us with her through the rounds of her school-duties; and Mrs. Bissell sends the following: —

“During the last four years, twenty-six girls have been received into the church from our girls’ boarding-school: with two or three exceptions, these have all walked consistently with their profession. It is the special aim of the school to prepare the girls to be useful women, either as wives and mothers, or teachers and Bible-women. They are in no wise raised above their social position here, save as education always elevates; and they do not object to marrying a young man who is to take them to some obscure village to labor for Christ. Many such are now in distant fields, and have proved real helpmeets to their husbands in their work.”

We have also heard of the safe arrival of Miss Cull and Miss Farnham, — who left us in November for their different destinations, Manissa and Nicomedia, — and of the speedy commencement of their work. Miss Cull says, —

“The sprightly Greek women, with their bright faces and animated gestures, come often to see us, and it is very interest-

ing to watch them. There is a certain dignity, a presence, about the better class of them, that might well beguile one into thinking that culture of mind and soul accompanied so pleasing an address. They are never ungraceful, never repulsive ; at least, I have seen none who are so, even among the least favored of them : but the knowledge they have, is, of course, very superficial. Whatever is bright and pretty attracts their fancy ; and they are eager to learn ornamental work of every description. I look forward to teaching them with much pleasure."

After having been in Nicomedia but a week, Miss Farnham writes, —

"I commenced learning the language the day after our arrival: everybody is pressed into the service to assist us, even the servants. The prospect here is certainly very encouraging. Last Sabbath the chapel was filled, — not a single vacant seat ; and several were obliged to sit upon the floor. The people are ready and anxious to hear the word of life. I feel that my position here will be a pleasant but very responsible one. Pray that I may have wisdom from on high to direct me."

In a letter dated March 29, she says, —

"The people here are very desirous to have a school immediately. My constant prayer is, that I may be able to speak the language soon. The girls come in to see us very often, and always say, 'Learn very quickly : we are so anxious to have a school.' The old Armenians are quite as much interested as the Protestants, and promise to send their daughters. The state of things here is very cheering.

"I see by 'Life and Light' for March, that the Womans' Board is hard at work ; and it is certainly a very pleasant thought, that, while we are trying to do something for the Master here, you are laboring just as earnestly at home."

Mrs. Leonard gives us a Bible-woman's quaint journal ; and, referring to some of her school-girls, she says, "As I look at

them, I can hardly recognize them as the untutored, uncombed village girls that came to us one bright spring morning. I can scarcely imagine such a transformation possible; and I realize, as never before, the elevating and refining power of the gospel. Their rude manners have given place to ease and gentleness; their uncouth dress to neat and simple attire: but what throws a beauty over all is the ornament which the Master has bestowed upon them, — the pearl of great price.

“You may be interested to know, that in this region, instead of the thick darkness, there are dawnings of a brighter day. Little congregations have been gathered at four different centres: the watchmen are calling from the mountain-tops to each other, ‘What of the night?’ The light is breaking; and we hope soon the Sun of righteousness will illumine, not only the mountain-tops, but penetrate even the deepest valleys with its life-giving beams. I must not forget to mention, that, at one of these centres, thirteen women gathered daily for a lesson in the catechism from one of the students who spent his winter vacation among them. Perhaps, at some future time, I shall be able to tell you more of these earnest seekers.

“Will you not continue to sustain us by your sympathies and prayers? How pleasant to know that we are all laboring for the same great object! It is, indeed, a blessed work, which an angel might covet.”

Miss Parmelee has sent us lively incidents of a recent missionary tour; and Miss Baker, a pleasant account of her school; while no less than ten charming letters from Harpoot have passed through our hands since our last issue. It is impossible to give these communications in full, or even in part, in the present number; but they are doing a not less important work in stimulating and interesting our auxiliary societies. They are used in this way again and again, and are sought for with an eagerness of which, we think, the writers can form no conception.

Our Work at Home.

APRIL MEETING.

A PUBLIC meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions was held on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 2, in the Old South Chapel. Mrs. Albert Bowker, president, opened the meeting by reading the account, recorded in the first chapter of Judges, of the paternal liberality of Caleb, who, at his daughter's request, enlarged her dowry by bestowing upon her "the upper and the nether springs." Mrs. Bowker remarked that this incident, as suggestive as it is beautiful, should encourage us, daughters of the Almighty, to come to our Father, and ask that the fields, which to-day are parched and dry, may become like a well-watered garden, and should lead us to give him no rest till he make Jerusalem a praise in the whole earth.

After singing, Miss Abbie B. Child, home secretary, gave a *résumé* of the quarter's work as follows: "The pleasantest feature in the home department, for the last three months, has been the vigorous working and the genuine enthusiasm among our older auxiliaries. Perhaps some strong pulsations awakened at our annual meeting helped to send the life-blood through the different members of the growing body of auxiliaries which compose the Woman's Board; but, be that as it may, the returning currents have warmed and cheered the hearts at the centre. From one of our extremities, Montreal, we have most encouraging aid. Its secretary writes, 'We had a large meeting yesterday, and proposed no Bible-reader, as we intended, but Miss Smith's whole school in Madura Mission, for which two hundred and eighty dollars were promised on the spot. I know you

would rejoice, if you could see the increased interest in mission work since the society has been formed, nearly all the churches in the city feeling its influence.' Nearer the centre, we hear of much quiet and efficient working. One secretary writes, 'We are sending out committees to obtain, if possible, the names of all the ladies of our church; and I am encouraged to hope there is an increase of missionary interest in our city.'

"There comes, too, from out the border-lands just this side of the other world, a consecrated mite from one purified through poverty and suffering, whose last act was to give her little all for the advancement of Christ's cause in the world. We feel that we have a strong right arm in the society at New Haven, which asks to-day to be received as a 'branch,' having under its special charge twenty-three or more auxiliaries; acting a little more independently perhaps, but still bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.

"The children in many places are giving us very material aid. Sales and entertainments multiply, sending large sums to our treasury,—the result of much patient labor and the cause of many weary hands and feet. Possibly some may remember the account given in the 'Echoes' for December, 1870, of two 'Wide Awake Boys,' who invested in some missionary boxes, hoping to do something for heathen children. One could 'help mother, out of school, to make rosettes for slippers;' the other could 'run on errands, and shovel sidewalks:' there were 'plenty of ways for earning money.' A week or two since, they appeared again in the little room in Pemberton Square; and, with something of the solemn and important air of moneyed men, they presented their contribution, which, after some great discussion, it was decided should go to India. Some day they may bring their thousands to the Lord's treasury, and we can only wish them as much satisfaction as in this their first offering. From Oakland, Cal., we have received a very pleasant account of an entertainment given by the 'Western Echoes,' our mission circle there;

and with it a very pretty poem written for the occasion by a girl of thirteen.

“Recently the Woman’s Board, represented by its officers, was invited to one of its oldest auxiliaries at Boston Highlands, and, as our president happily expressed it, ‘sat down at a daughter’s table.’ Family pride may have enhanced somewhat the enjoyment of the graceful courtesy, the generous hospitality, the sitting together in heavenly places, the words of cheer and hearty God-speed from brothers and veterans in the work; but we didn’t wonder, since the presiding genius was the mother of missionaries, whose gentle presence shed a softened radiance over all.

“On the 2d of March, Miss Elizabeth Sisson, the young lady who won all hearts at our annual meeting, started for her field of labor in the Madura Mission. Bright and hopeful to the last, she went forth in the strength of Him to whom she had given her life. We hope soon to send another to the ‘Home’ in Constantinople, and one to the mission in Foochow. And so the work goes on: never before has there been such an opening for labor among heathen women, and never before have Christian women been so aroused to send the word of God among them. Thus the guiding hand of the All-Wise Father is irresistibly drawing two hemispheres together: let us pray that we may have some part assigned us in his great plans.”

Mrs. Bartlett, treasurer, reported receipts since January, \$12,299.66, and for quarterlies, \$1,538.31; and read a letter from Miss Rappleye of Constantinople, acknowledging the special gifts of a few individuals in the way of decorations for the “Home.”

According to previous notice, Mrs. Wright moved an amendment to the first article of the Constitution, which should admit of an increased number of managers; stating that this change had become necessary by the enlarged work of the society. Voted.

Missionary correspondence of great interest and considerable length, from Turkey, China, and Africa, was read by the secretaries, Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Scudder, when Mrs. Tyler of the Zulu Mission made a brief address, in which she alluded to the change of public sentiment in regard to missionary work, which had taken place since her own engagement in it. Said she, "When I left this country for Africa, just twenty-three years ago to-day, I had little thought of being permitted to witness what I now see. Then, ladies whom we met looked upon us pityingly : how different now !" Attributing the change, in a great measure, to the formation of the Woman's Board and its auxiliaries, she said she should go back much strengthened by the sympathy extended to her, and would encourage her tired sisters to come home and see for themselves what is being done. Concluding remarks by the president, and the doxology, closed a pleasant and profitable meeting.

MRS. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec.*

TO DELINQUENTS.

PLEASE send your subscriptions to "Life and Light" soon, dear friends, as delay greatly embarrasses the Home Department.

For Treasurer's Report, see "Missionary Herald" for March, April, and May.



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TURKEY.

LETTERS FROM MISS BEACH.

THE following extract from a private letter from Miss Beach, written from Samokov at the close of the week of prayer, reveals to us some of the joys with which our missionaries are favored, and also the earnestness with which the pressure of their need sends them to the mercy-seat : —

“ The blessed, busy week of prayer is ended ; but I trust it will be long before the influences felt, the holy impulses awakened, in legions of hearts, shall die away. We have said to each other many times at the close of our meetings, ‘ Hasn’t this

been rich?' I quite agree with some of our girls who said to me, 'Oh, this week of prayer seems so short! we shall be so sorry when it is gone!'

"We had three appointed meetings each day. In the afternoon, we missionaries met together, and had an English prayer-meeting. At the same time, the school-girls held one in the schoolroom or at the house of a Bulgarian sister; and in the evening there was a general service, when missionaries, natives, and school-girls assembled, and had a feast of fat things. We had so many written requests for prayer, averaging thirty an evening, that we sometimes found we had spent two hours instead of one at our meetings; and yet the time seemed short, so many and fervent were the prayers. Some of the most earnest ones would spring to their feet, and pray for the *third* time in the same evening. Very many petitions were offered for relatives and friends, and for particular cities and villages. We were especially interested in one note, which read, 'Pray that we may all *love* one another.'

"Besides these regular meetings, there were many others, where two or three girls went away privately to pray together. During the whole week, there was not a day or evening when the voice of prayer was not heard under our roof.

"Among those who love Christ, there has been an unusual spirit of consecration manifested.

"We have eighteen girls in school; and we believe there is not one of them who is not either a Christian, or in a serious, inquiring state of mind."

Under a later date she writes, —

"We all feel that a blessing has attended the removal of the school to Samokov, and the change of our school-basis. The immediate result of these two measures was not to make the school less popular, as had been feared by some: on the contrary, we found that the more hopeful girls who were with us last year remained. The new ones who have come to us are very promis-

ing ; and we have had a number of applicants for whom we have no room. I have been very much interested, in renewing my acquaintance with the girls, to find how some of them have grown in the Christian life since last year, and how others have improved in general deportment since they came to us.

“As my health is becoming firmer, and the days are growing longer, I can take one of our Bulgarian teachers, or a girl, and go to the nearer places after school. The taste I have already had of the work peculiar to my own department as Bible-woman makes me long to do more of it. At the same time, I enjoy my labor in the school to the full, and am most thankful, that, for the present, my lot is cast among the girls. I care not where I am, or what my work shall be, if I can but do the will of my Master. It has given me rest in many a weary hour, to feel that I need give myself no thought or anxiety about my future ; that all my times were in my Father’s loving hand. And now, with returning health and increasing strength, the same thought comforts me, and gives me new hope and zeal to work for Him who loveth me.”

LETTER FROM MISS PATRICK.

MISS PATRICK, who is now associated with Miss Van Duzee at Erzroom, thus speaks of the observance of the custom of receiving calls on New Year’s Day in her Turkish home, in a letter addressed to the Woman’s Missionary Society of Lyons, Io., dated Jan. 3, 1872 : —

“It is the custom for the missionaries to open their houses to their friends upon the first day of the year ; and, though the people come here constantly, this is the only time when entertainment is provided for them. The invitation was given the Sabbath previous ; and families were requested to come together if possible. Among the Armenians, it is considered a disgrace for a man to be seen walking with his wife ; and we are much encouraged when any of the Protestants overcome their old prejudices sufficiently to visit us with their families.

“Our guests began to arrive about ten o’clock, and continued to come till nearly dark. A cup of tea, a small piece of cake, with a handful of nuts, candy, and raisins, mixed, were served to each one. At times our room was full of people, and again but few came together. We received a hundred and ten calls in all ; but only three men accompanied their families. The people generally are very polite ; and some of their salutations are beautiful.

“The language does not seem so difficult to me as I anticipated ; and I enjoy the study of it very much. I have two bright little classes in arithmetic. Indeed, I think the boys are quite as bright as American boys. The girls are rather more stupid.”

LETTER FROM MISS VAN DUZEE.

WE are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter written by Miss Van Duzee : —

“We have had such good news this last week from our out-stations, that I thought you would be interested to hear it. In one place, the pastor’s wife says that they are having three meetings a week with the women, and that many in this and other villages have stopped baking bread on Sunday. This is a great step for them to take. You cannot imagine how hard it is for this people to give up old customs, or to do any thing different from their neighbors. The idea of eating old bread for a single day, or of being able to bake a two-days’ supply in one, is hardly to be thought of for a moment. When we were there last fall, we tried to show them that it was wrong. They assented to it, but said, ‘What can we do?’ which is equivalent to saying, ‘We can do nothing else.’ Finally two or three promised to give it up ; and I suppose this is the result.

“In another village, we have had a native helper for the first time, this winter. Nearly all the boys in the town attend his school, and five girls also. This is a great thing too ; for village girls are regarded more as animals than human beings. When

he has prayers morning and night, a large number come in to hear, and discuss what is read. In the evening also, they keep him talking on religious subjects till midnight. His wife talks to the women every evening, besides having a weekly meeting. The villagers often bring food and wood for the helper with them, when they come to listen. One man brought wood enough to last twenty days, — a very valuable present here. The whole village appears shaken. Their priest seems powerless, not even trying to defend himself or his doctrines.

“It is painful, and still it is ludicrous, to hear the people talk about profanity. They say, ‘You missionaries have no occasion for it. You do not work; you have an easy time: why should you swear? We have to. When we are ploughing, and an ox lies down, he won’t get up unless we do. Sometimes one of our buffaloes runs away; and he never would come back if we didn’t swear at him. We cannot do farm-work without swearing.’ Their idea of an easy time is to have plenty to eat, good clothes to wear, to have a horse, and time to ride him.”

AFRICA.

LETTER FROM MISS DAY.

MISS DAY writes from Amanzimtote under date of Jan. 23: —

“Every morning I call at two or three of the native houses, and think the visits are mutually profitable, — a help to me in the study of the language, a gratification, and, I hope, a means of good, to the women.

“Nine persons united with the church last Sabbath, — three men, two women, and four girls.

“I spent Christmas at Umtwalumi, Mr. Wilder’s station.

“Each of the children had made a patchwork bag for a friend. These were hung on the tree, and, with the little bags of candy

provided by friends in America, made quite a display, pleasing the children and the older people too. Religious services were held in the church, which was filled to overflowing ; and many were unable to get into the house. Nearly four hundred persons were fed. All seemed to enjoy the occasion ; and I am sure some will remember the words spoken, and be benefited by them.

“ Jan. 27. — I called yesterday on an old blind woman, in whom I feel much interested. She is not a member of the church, but, I think, gives evidence of real piety. She said she wanted very much to go to church, but had not strength to walk. A Christian native, sitting by, told me that she often gathered the children about her, and talked and prayed with them. I read a few verses from the Testament, to which she listened with evident satisfaction. Her face was all aglow. Two other women were present, who were very attentive, and expressed a strong desire to learn to read. They said they wanted to be Christians ; that they loved Jesus, and loved to pray. They were very polite, asking me if I did not wish for food, and if my horse would eat corn.”

INDIA.

LETTER FROM MISS RENDALL.

A SHORT time ago my little schoolhouse in the village was finished, and we appointed a time for the dedication. I had told a good many of my friends that they must be sure to come on the opening night, and hear the good words that would be spoken. The appointed evening came, beautiful and starry.

At about eight o'clock we rode down to the village in our bandy, with lanterns and bright mats to make the room look cheerful. The schoolmaster, with ten of the best singers among the boys, and three of my little girls whom I had taken with

me, struck up some lively airs, which quickly drew in a multitude of men. I watched in vain for the women and girls who had promised to be present. At last one poor, lone wanderer wended her way through the crowd, and seated herself by my side. My smiles and words of approval modified, after a time, her frightened looks; but it was a great disappointment to me, that this should be the only result of all my invitations to the grand meeting. Stirring speeches were made, which occasionally caused the men to shake their heads in assent, or burst out in a good-natured laugh. Sometimes a quiet conversation was carried on between neighbors in reference to the statements made.

Our school-teacher told them of a very beautiful jewel, which they had entirely forgotten in decking their wives and daughters. This oversight was strange, because they were always so anxious to adorn them, and load them down with fine jewelry. They had been mindful of the ornaments for the ear, the nose, the neck, and arms, and feet; but they had forgotten the jewel for the mouth: and this schoolhouse was built to give this new and costly treasure to them. "The name of the jewel is knowledge," he said; "and I cannot tell you how greatly it will beautify your women. The naturally plain ones it will make as bright as the sun; and when you come home at night, instead of finding them perfectly silent, — mere machines for cooking your rice and curry, — or else perfectly wild with loud, vile talk, they will brighten and cheer your whole lives with their pleasant words, and you will feel, that, though poor before, now, with this wondrous pearl, you are rich."

At the close of the exercises, on reaching the door, I found my expected company of women and girls, who immediately rushed up to me with their excuses, saying, "The room was filled with men, and could we go in among them? But we heard all that was said. Please tell us when our school is to begin; for we are all ready to come."

Home Department.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Third Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior was held in Chicago, April 11.

The record of its exercises has been given so fully in the "Missionary Paper," No. 18, edited by Rev. S. J. Humphrey of Chicago, and thus extensively circulated, that it does not seem desirable to occupy our limited space in these pages with the full report.

The number of delegates present from abroad was unusually large; and the fixed attention of the audience, and the earnest interest manifested through all the exercises of the meeting, witnessed to the hold which the missionary cause is gaining upon the hearts of those who have turned their attention to it.

The time for conference with regard to our special work was necessarily limited to the morning session; and a feeling of disappointment has been expressed by many, that further opportunity could not be given for listening to reports from auxiliaries, for the discussion of various practical questions relating to our work, suggested during these months of change and progress, and especially for a strictly devotional service, when, with united hearts, we could seek a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit to fit us for the more successful prosecution of our work.

Such expressions of a wish to secure the greatest possible benefit from these gatherings give us great encouragement. While circumstances attending our meeting this spring rendered plans for a longer session impracticable, it is hoped, that, in

future, such arrangements can be made as will secure the ends so earnestly desired.

The acceptance of an invitation from our Presbyterian sisters, to unite with them in a general service, in the afternoon, for listening to addresses from missionaries and others, added a pleasant feature to our meeting.

We were greatly indebted, too, to the generous hospitality of our friends in Chicago, for the abundant provision made for the entertainment of guests, and for securing the social advantages of such a gathering.

The Committee on Place for the next meeting recommended Rockport, Ill. ; and the Board adjourned to meet at that place, Nov. 7, 1872.

Delegates present at the meeting reported from auxiliaries in Oberlin, O. ; New-England Church, Chicago ; Menasha, Geneva, Janesville, Wis. ; Geneva, Waverly, Ill. ; Winona, Minneapolis, Minn. ; the Wright Mission Band, Janesville, Wis. ; Des Moines, Io.

Written reports were received also from Iowa Falls, McGregor, Toledo, Muscatine, Marión, Anamosa, Garnavillo, Io. ; Appleton, Elkhorn, Sparta, Delavan, Ripon, Whitewater, Wis. ; Jackson, South Boston, Flint, Owosso, Muskegon, Mich. ; Oxford, Milan, O. ; Rockford, Geneseo, Princeton, Clifton, Ill. ; Hamilton, Rochester, Minn. ; Orland, Ind. ; St. Louis, Kidder, Breckenridge, Mo. ; Manhattan, Kan. ; Yankton, Dakota.

We have room only for brief extracts from a few of these reports.

Copies of the "Missionary Paper" referred to can be secured by application to Rev. S. J. Humphrey, Chicago, or to the Secretaries of Woman's Board of Missions, Missionary House, Boston.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS FROM AUXILIARIES.

GARNAVILLO, IO.

Our little society can hardly be said to number more than thirty members. Our contributions the last year have been about \$34. We wish we could send more.

When I learned that an auxiliary in Hartford, Conn., my old home, had assumed the support of Miss Dwight, I was so delighted, that, in my haste, I told my husband the Hartford ladies were going to support "an entire missionary." "Then," said he, "I think your society here will be able to support *one little toe*." Well, "the head cannot say to the foot I have no need of thee." So we work on, doing with our might what our hands find to do, remembering "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

LYONS, IO.

Our church is small, numbering usually less than a hundred members, and mostly those of small means.

At the Annual Meeting of our Ladies' Missionary Society, our report showed a membership of over fifty, an average attendance of about twelve, and contributions amounting to \$120. Our missionary, Miss Day, went from our church a year and a half ago; and during the last year we parted with our Treasurer, Miss Mary Patrick. We are in communication with both these ladies, and find their letters a great attraction in our meetings.

ROCHESTER, MINN.

Our Society was organized January, 1871. We commenced with nine members, but, during the year, have doubled our number, and have collected \$23.60.

Our monthly meetings have been held in connection with the ladies' prayer-meeting.

Several brief historical sketches of different missions have

been prepared by members of our society, and read at the meetings. We also gather items of missionary intelligence as we have opportunity during the month, and communicate them when we come together. This we find interesting and profitable.

OWOSSO, MICH.

LAST year, we had but twenty paying members, and raised only \$34 for the missionary cause.

Of the ten copies of "Life and Light," pledged by the Secretary, three copies were distributed gratuitously,

Our present standing shows some advance. We have now twenty-seven paying members, and \$60 pledged. Twenty-three copies of "Life and Light" are taken. One lady to whom a copy had been lent, on returning it, said, "I did not know that the Woman's Board was doing such a work. I am so interested, that I have decided to add to my pledge this year." For these signs of progress, we thank God and take courage.

MISS JULIA A. LAFRAMBOISE.

BY MRS. S. J. HUMPHREY.

I MET her first, eight years ago, at Rockford. -The graduates of the seminary there will vividly recall the private parlor where their senior recitations were held. As the sunshine came through the flowers of the window, the same ray glanced along the heads of three who were soon to be parted by the breadth of the Christianized world. Two are still in earnest mission work among Turks and Armenians; the third has closed a faithful missionary life among her own people, the Dakotas. Of the latter I speak now.

It did not occur to me that Miss Laframboise was, in part, of Indian blood. She attracted my attention, rather, by her

earnest purpose in study, and her resolve to *be*, not merely *seem*, successful. There was a dignified reserve about her which gave a hint of her descent; but under it lay a delicate sensitiveness to praise and blame, and a wealth of loyal, trusting affection. She had long been a disciple of Christ. The child, Julia, a black-eyed, black-haired little girl, at the age of eleven had stood in the mission church to profess her faith, which was neither that of her mother's race, nor yet of her Roman-Catholic father. She had known a life peculiar from its varied incident and its unchanging purpose. She had studied at Oxford Seminary till it was burned, at Painesville, till means failed. She was a fugitive in the terrible Minnesota massacre, with the wife and children of the murdered Mr. Hug-gins; then, gathering her earnings as a teacher, she had come to finish her studies at Rockford.

She graduated with honor, and went forth to a teacher's life, and to its rewards of success and of grateful affection. True, still, to herself, and loyal to the wishes of the Union Major, who, though fallen in battle, was still living in her heart, she found another year for training in music at her Alma Mater, where, in a vacancy in the corps of teachers, she rendered valued assistance.

Lakeland and Bloomington in Minnesota warmly remember her; but at the Santee agency in Nebraska, with a large school of Dakota pupils, her especial missionary work was done. Two years she labored for the school and for the people; but, in the latter duty, exposure to the chill March winds brought disease. Very gradually her fingers were unclasped from work; and at length, on the 20th of last September, after one week of agony, whose brief intervals were spent in parting words, and prayer, and listening to the psalm of "The Valley of the Shadow," with but one petition for release, and many pleadings for strength and for grace, she passed from our twilight into the glorious day-dawn of "Immanuel's Land."



JUNE.

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

1872.

PRAYING AMIE.

BY MISS SEYMOUR.

IN our school at Harpoot is a tall, dark-eyed girl, very studious and conscientious, whose name is Amie; and I would like to tell you of a very pleasant talk I had with her last Sunday. As we were speaking of what we wanted to do for the Saviour during the term that was just opening, she said, —

“There is one thing that troubles me. Last winter I used to get up in the night, and kneel on my bed and pray; but now I sleep right through. What shall I do? I want to pray, and yet I can't wake up; but, for two or three nights, I have had a severe pain in my finger, though nothing seems to be the matter with it.” With a bright smile she added, “I think it is Jesus who wakes me thus by causing my finger to pain me, that I may pray to him.”

“For what do you pray?” I asked.

"That I may be a good girl, and may not be a stumbling-block to any ; but especially I pray for my mother and sister."

When I asked her about her sister, she said, —

"Kohar, the new scholar from Chemisgesek (Amie's home), says, that, in the family where my sister lives, there is a boy who tries to get her to learn to read ; but she takes the primer, and throws it across the room. At other times she says, 'I want to go to the seminary where Amie is, and learn with her.' Then the people with whom she lives have taken her to the communion ; and it greatly grieves me, for I know it is wrong, because she is not worthy. But she doesn't know it is a sin."

Her face grew very sorrowful, as she went on to say, —

"My mother, too, is a heathen, and knows nothing about the truth. After my father died, she was married to another Koord, and still lives with the tribe, ignorant of God."

"You know, Amie," I said, "that the same loving Father that led you to know about Jesus can bring your mother also to the same blessed knowledge of him."

I was glad to see how deeply she felt for her mother and sister ; and, as she saw that I sympathized with her, she asked timidly, yet eagerly,

"Miss Seymour, is there any hope that my sister may come to this blessed place?"

"Perhaps there is ; but, if you wish to have it so, you must ask the Lord to prepare the way for her coming."

At the close of our long and interesting talk, we prayed together. Amie's heart seemed full of gratitude. I had told her there were plenty of half-hearted Christians, and I didn't to want her be such a one, but that, rather, with her whole heart and soul, she should live to please Jesus. As she prayed, she said, "O Lord, the teacher says she doesn't want me to be a half-hearted Christian ; make me a whole-hearted, a complete one : " and she uttered the words as if her whole soul went with them.

I cannot but think that some of the dear children in the home-land pray very often for our scholars, they give us so little trouble in the school, and are so earnest to do what is right in every way.

THE RAG-PICKER GOD.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

WE often ride at the cool of the day on the road north from our house. About a mile distant is a low spreading thorn-tree, which has recently become the home of a heathen god. There is no image ; but the god is supposed to be in the tree. You would feel like laughing, when you first saw it, to think there was a "swamy" there ; and then you would feel sad to think how it dishonors God, who loves to have us tell him our cares.

One day a man from a village on this road brought a large stone, and laid it at the foot of this tree, and asked the Rag-Picker God to come and live in it. Soon another stone was laid beside it ; and now there are more than twenty of all sizes. And how do you think the tree looks now ? It is entirely covered with little bits torn from the cloths of those who pass by. If a woman is bringing a load of wood to sell, she will stop at this tree, tear off a small piece from her cloth, put it on the tree, and say, —

"Let me get a good price for my wood, and go back safely."

The rain wilts the rags, and the wind scatters them ; but the tree looks gay and flaunting whenever we drive by it. I have noticed that the rags which seem to have been torn from new, fine white or handsome cloths are very small indeed ; while the large pieces come from worn-out cloth. This made me think of the small, shining gold dollars, which are few in the contribution-boxes, and the large coppers, which are many.

MISSION-CIRCLES.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

MAINE.

- Ellsworth*. — "Prayer Circle," \$5.65 ; "Cup-Bearers," \$1.45 ; "Young Reapers," \$1.15.
South Freeport. — "Snow-Birds," \$2 ; Mrs. Ilsley's Sabbath-school class, \$5.

MASSACHUSETTS.

- Boston*. — Central Church, "Mission Circles," \$660.00.
Boston Highlands. — "Highland Rill," \$6.
So. Boston. — "Wide-awake Boys," \$3 ; * Old Colony Sabbath-school, \$30.
Brookline. — Harvard Church, "Treasure-Seekers," "Gleaners," and "Lilies of the Valley," \$32 ; "Violets," \$5.
Cambridge. — Shepard Church Sabbath school, "Jewel-Seekers," \$2.50.
Danvers. — A few little girls' mission-boxes, \$7.25.
Everett. — Congregational Church, "Little Girls' Fair," \$45.
Fall River. — "Willing Helpers," \$56.
Hopkinton. — "Little Workers," \$10.
Leominster. — "Juvenile Concert," \$46 ; little girls' penny contributions, \$4.
Maynard. — "Rising Star Circle," \$6.60.
Newburyport. — "Bellville Circle," \$116.
West Medway. — Harris, Anna, and Hattie Deans, \$3.10.
Weymouth. — Mrs. Loud's Sabbath-school class, \$5.
Winchester. — "Seek and Save Society," \$6.

CONNECTICUT.

- Greenwich*. — "Banner of Light," \$28.
New Haven. — "Third Church Infant Class," \$20.
Putnam. — "Mission-Workers," \$25.

INDIANA.

- Fort Wayne*. — Presbyterian Church, Miss Harris's Sabbath-school class, \$16.50.

MINNESOTA.

- Faribault*. — Lily L. Frink, \$2.

CALIFORNIA.

- Oakland*. — "Western Echoes," \$205.37.

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

- "Carrier-Doves," \$30.
 "Ivy-Leaves," \$180.
 "Plymouth May-Flowers," \$7.13.
 "Snow-Flakes," \$5.
 "Orange-Buds," \$28.76.
 "Workers for Jesus," \$60.
 "Baltimore Bees," \$50.

* See Report for April meeting.

"MISSIONARY WORKERS."

"LET us love and pity and help the heathen," was the sentiment, woven with evergreens, upon the wall of the ladies' room in the Howard-avenue Church, New Haven, where a tempting display of articles showed what a society of little girls had accomplished. For several months, according to their pledge, they had given "one cent a week, and met once in two weeks to work, and to read about missions." A pleasant gathering it was, when they met at their pastor's house to hear missionary intelligence: it was in keeping with the third Article of their Constitution, which requires them "to learn more about the heathen." And now the long-talked-of sale has realized more than forty dollars; enough to make the heart of some heathen child beat the quicker and happier, like their own. C. B. W.

SILVER STAR CIRCLE.

SEVEN little girls, connected with North Church, New Haven, met twice a week during the autumn, and with busy fingers, weaving in patience as well as zeal, made many useful and pretty articles for a sale. Those who attended came away well repaid. A mite-box attracted much attention. The lines appended disclosed its touching history:—

"I'm not very pretty, but just look at me!
I'm fifty year's old, — worn and battered, you see;
But I'm ready for pennies, — all you can afford, —
And each one will go for the good 'Woman's Board.'
Long ago, — fifty years, — by a child I was made,
Just before her slight fingers in long rest were laid.
You may all have heard of the 'Juvenile Mite';
'Twas for that I was made, when my covers were bright:
So now, though I'm old and wrinkled and worn,
They let me this brilliant 'Star Circle' adorn."

The sale realized seventy dollars, which means two more girls in the boarding-school, — two more trained for happiness and usefulness.

W. P., *Rec. Sec.*

THE WILLING HEARTS.

OUR little society sprang up, last month, at the foot of the Kayadenoseros Mountains, blossoming bravely under the frown of winter. We are but small, and quite new in the missionary field; yet we trust that this spring-flower of 1872 will increase in vigor and fragrance as the years go on, and prove itself one of the plants of the Lord, bringing forth fruit even to old age.

We have a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and we are to have still another officer, with the title of color-bearer. Whom it will be I cannot tell, — he or she who shall earn the honor by bringing in the most recruits to our band before the last of May. We are arranging a pleasant surprise for Memorial Day. We intend to ransack the woods, fields, and gardens for sweet spoil, and then gather with garlands and songs around the soldiers' monument placed in our village park by the grandfather of nearly a dozen of the Willing Hearts. On this occasion, the color-bearer is to head the procession, carrying a banner which had its sacred history in our war. The beautiful colors have had a long rest, but are now to be brought forth to honor the brave dead and earnest living workers among the Willing Hearts.

CROWN POINT, N.Y.

THE GOLD COIN.

IN this pleasant spring-time, when so many boys and girls are planting their flowers, I would like to tell them of a small yellow seed which a young girl's hand planted in the missionary bed of our heavenly Father's garden. At the meeting of the Woman's Board at Salem, when Christian hearts had been warmed and softened by the sunshine and the melting rain called forth by the missionaries there, a tiny gold coin, valued at twenty-five cents, but a little child's best treasure, was dropped among them, and bought again and again.

Now, at the end of the first six months, let me tell you of the harvest. It was proposed that the money obtained from it

should go towards a bell for the girl's schoolhouse in Bitlis, and the news of it travelled about, lighting a spark of interest here and there, till it reached a Sabbath school in St. Alban's, Vt., where it kindled a bright flame, as we shall see by the following letter : —

“Glorious news ! The Bitlis bell is ringing ! Don't you hear it ? I do, — in anticipation. Make ready to receive the money. But, soberly, I was very anxious that something might be done about our bell ; and so I determined to bring the matter before the whole school. Our superintendent was much pleased with the suggestion, and presented the subject yesterday. Immediately a member of the Bible class rose, and said, ‘ Our class will furnish that bell, rope, and all.’ ”

Besides this, the little coin has been the means of raising almost enough to buy another bell for a church in Africa, and, we hope, of forming two auxiliary societies in Massachusetts. What it will accomplish in the next six months, we cannot tell. Take courage, children. God can make your pennies thousands.

VOICE FROM THE PACIFIC.

THEY have wide-awake children in California, as well as large trees, and mines of gold, as will be seen by the following letter, and its accompanying verses, a portion of which will be found on another page : —

“Our fair and festival elicited much more interest than I had dared expect. Friends of the children filled the chapel and parlors of our church, patronized liberally the tables, and made the whole affair sociable, pleasant, and profitable. We had two hundred dollars to add to our treasury. The girls were surprised and delighted, and very eager to try again. One of our members, a girl of thirteen years, wrote some verses for the occasion, which I send you, because I know the interest you feel in all these mission circles.

OAKLAND, CAL.”

Western Echoes.

FROM far-off lands of sunrise, and realms of dawning day,
The morning wind brings tidings upon its western way ;
From those who sit in darkness beneath the eastern skies,
And to the silent heavens lift up their blinded eyes.

“In lands of light and gospel, you sit in peaceful ease ;
You list within your happy homes the sound of far-off seas,
Nor think, that, far beyond them, we perish for that light
That lies around your hearth-stones so plentiful and bright.

“Oh, come ! bring us the gospel, the news of joy and peace,
And in its light our darkness shall pass away and cease !
Oh, come ! for we are dying without the blessed light,
And round us settles darkly a starless, rayless night !”

And quickly comes the answer from valley, hill, and plain ;
And thousands send their workmen among the ripening grain ;
And onward to the Far West, across the prairies vast,
And o'er the Rocky Mountains, the eastern wind has passed.

Amid the thousand voices that echo back the cry,
Amid the thousand earnest prayers that rise up to the sky,
A little band, and few our years, our voices and our prayers
We raise ; and now with earnest hearts each voice the echo shares.

For we have heard the summons, “Go work for Me to-day :”
We deem it worth the labor to send one little ray,
One herald ray of morning, amid the lingering night,
That lies around our sisters, who watch and pray for light.

And so from lands of sunset, and realms of parting day,
The wind again bears tidings upon its eastern way ;
And so the “Western Echoes” have joined the answering cry
To those who sit in darkness beneath the eastern sky.

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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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